

Contributions

THE MAN OF BLOOD

B. C. MOOMAW

Cecil Rhodes, famous South African "empire builder," giant in body and mind, giant in finance and politics: dead.

More than all other men who have gone before, or who will follow after him, he carries into the presence of God the blood of the South African war.

It is said that in his short life of forty-seven years he amassed many millions of dollars. But who that knows the fearful responsibility of bloodshed would today stand in his shoes for his millions?

Yet without the poor consolation of any of his millions, or of a dollar, or of a shilling, he stands before the eternal Judge while tens of thousands of the perished point to him, and say; Our blood is upon his head.

It was the dream of his life to found a vast British-African empire. Other men have dreamed this dream, the bloodiest dream of all the ages, the dream of empire, of power, of dominion, reckless of human rights, or broken hearts or bitter tears.

But the Boer republics stood in the way of this ambition; and they must be destroyed.

The civilized processes of assimilation and diplomacy were too slow for our conquering colossus. He invokes war. He sends the armed host into the midst of a peaceful and godly people. The veldt drinks up the blood of its children. Burning houses light the lurid sky. Death holds high carnival, while savage tribes shudder at the spectacle of Christian barbarity glutted with universal devastation.

The weight of this responsibility might crush a soul more stolid than that of Rhodes. The story of his last years, hopeless, restless, cynical, shrinking from the sight of men, fleeing hither and thither over the face of the earth as if to escape a pursuing curse, reads like the chronicle of a lost soul, accused to heaven day and night with the last breath of his perishing victims.

"It must needs that there be offenses, but woe unto him by whom they come."

NEW YORK NOTES

J. L. GILLIN

Prince Henry has come and gone. The city honored him with all the courteous kindness of which it was capable. Its officials presented him the freedom of America's largest city and of the second largest in the world, all done up in a nice little box which he could carry about with him.

Thousands stood out in the rain to catch a glimpse of him as he rode by. It is a great satisfaction to know that as princes go, Prince Henry is a worthy man.

He drank wine at the banquets given him,

but wine drinking is one of the least serious among the faults of a prince, of course.

Of course, if he drank cheap whiskey, it might kill him a little quicker and the respectability would be gone. In New York society, wine is a necessary element in every feast, I'm told. Of course, he was only a prince, yet the people desired to show him that they knew how to receive a royal visitor.

He has never done anything so conspicuous himself, but he is a relative of a certain emperor who does have opinions whatever their quality may be, and who dares to preach them.

Yet it all shows the old, old love of human weakness for the tinsel and glitter of the world which passes away. Most men do have left a little of the barbaric love of the spectacular. The big, the showy appeals to to something in us, some vestige of the past which shows us from whence we came. But it is a matter for congratulation that the welcome was the heartier because his character was a worthy character in most ways.

I wondered how it would have been if Jesus of Nazareth had come instead of Prince Henry of Prussia. Would New York and all these other towns have presented him the freedom of the city in a golden box and run after him in the rain?

"If Christ should come today
Above all honor and petty things
That men call great.
Is he enshrined and have we kept our faith
Inviolable?"

THE FACE OF A FRIEND

Ella Johnson, one of our girls from Waterloo is here in the Metropolitan hospital studying to be a trained nurse.

It seemed good to see her face here, where we had seen but three faces which we had known before coming here. I am coming to understand much better than I once did what heaven means to those whose friends are mostly there. And if it gladdens us here on earth to meet our friends, how much more will it gladden our hearts to meet those we have known in other years, when we shall no longer see thru a glass darkly, but spirit face to face with spirit!

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY

It is not often that a college, university or seminary sends its head, its president to heathen lands as a foreign missionary. But that is what has happened here at Union Seminary. President Hall sailed last Friday on a mission to India, China and Japan to be gone a year. He is sent by the Haskell fund under the direction of the University of Chicago. Union has always been a missionary school I'm told, but she has usually sent her students rather than her president. All who know President Hall feel that he is a good man to send to preach to the students of these heathen lands. The students held a reception for him the night before he sailed, in the Seminary. It was a very pleasant affair. And on Saturday most of

the students went down to see the ship sail away.

But my eyes as they looked out over the water that evening and watched the ship steam down the Bay and sink into the sea, went in fancy over the sea to those heathen lands and my heart longed for the time when the Brethren church can send her missionaries out yonder to the benighted on the other side of the world to preach a gospel un mutilated and unfenced by creeds. But as much as I long for that, I pray that we may make haste slowly. We must plant and perhaps gather but little of our planting, but let us plant so that the future will surely reap. And the more I think of it the more I feel that the quickest and shortest route to the foreign field for the Brethren church is as our Editor suggested some time ago, by way of Home Missions, the Publishing House and Ashland College. For if we do not have a prepared home field, how can we send men and women to foreign lands? And if we do not have a strong church literature and the church paper in every home, how can missionary intelligence be disseminated and the church united on the subject?

And if we neglect Ashland college, so that it cannot draw to it the best teachers in the church, and afford the best advantages to our students, where will our scholars come from, and who will prepare our preachers? We need not fear education. We should not grudge our money to Ashland college. If I had money and wanted to use it for the glory of God and do the greatest amount of good, I'd put it in one of two places—either in Ashland college or in the Publishing House. The time is coming when our church literature must be made comprehensive. It is not a matter for joy that we have no book on our doctrines which comprehends the whole of them. But we must go forward patiently. We need more preachers and Ashland is preparing them. O, brethren, let us go forward in the strength of God, without any desire to do the spectacular, but, instead solid work for God and the future. We have had quite enough of the spectacular. It is very dazzling for a time, but when the light goes out how great is the darkness!

JANE ADAMS

of Hull House, Chicago is here for a few weeks lecturing. I heard her a week ago. Her talks are very good and doubtless she is doing a great deal of good there. But it is a pity that religion and efforts for social amelioration must be divorced in such work. It strikes me that too many of our social workers have taken many of the adjuncts of a Christian worker and left out the most important part, that of personal religion, for the regeneration of the lost in our great cities. What I mean is that they are friends to the poor and help them in material, intellectual and even moral ways, but do not endeavor to make religion a real fact to them—do not preach Christ to them, in other words. Doubtless it is very well to have girls in a